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WHOSE SIDE ARE YOU ON?

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ROBERTO AGUIRRE-SACASA • ANGEL MEDINA

The Sensational SPIDER-MAN

RATED A

DIRECT EDITION

$2.99 US $4.25 CAN

DETECTIVE JONAS FOGG.
INVESTIGATING A MUTILATION AND MURDER AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.
A BAD DAY GETTING WORSE.
WHERE THE HELL'S THE REST OF HIM?
THING IS, DETECTIVE--
--BITE MARKS INDICATE THE REST OF DR. TREYMAN WAS EATEN.
SO--WHAT-- WE GOT A GHOUL ON THE LOOSE? A FREAKIN' CANNIBAL?
HAH-HAH, DETECTIVE. YOU'RE A RIOT.
BITE MARKS AND SALIVA SAMPLES INDICATE AN ANIMAL DID THIS.
AN ANIMAL? I'M INTRIGUED.
CAN SOMEONE GET ME A REFILL HERE?
WELL, THEN, THIS SHOULD FASCINATE YOU:
THE SALIVA'S NOT MAMMALIAN, IT'S REPTILIAN.

SWELL. SO EITHER THERE'S A KOMODO DRAGON ON THE LOOSE OR...
OR?
THE MUSEUM'S LOG SAYS TREYMAN CALLED CURT CONNORS TO COME CHECK OUT AN ASTEROID OR SOMETHING.
POLICE
EXHIBIT A, DETECTIVE. WE'RE DUSTING FOR PRINTS. TREYMAN'S AND CONNORS'.
CURT CONNORS...?
SCIENTIST WHO LOST AN ARM, TRIED TO GROW IT BACK, TURNED INTO THE LIZARD? WHO WAS ONE OF TREYMAN'S CO-WORKERS?
WHERE'S THAT DAMN COFFEE?
HE HAVE AN OFFICE HERE? THAT WE SHOULD CHECK?
HE DOES--IN THE BASEMENT-- AND I ALREADY CHECKED. IT'S EMPTY, ALL RIGHT.
THANKS FOR THIS.
SO WE'RE THINKING THE LIZARD'S BACK?
CHERYL, YOU THERE?
BACK AND EATING PEOPLE, YEAH.

"ANYBODY GOT SPIDER-MAN'S CELL PHONE NUMBER?"
This REALLY stinks.
Not just the rain (though that DOES indeed stink)--
--and not just the fact that my SPIDER-SENSE is on the fritz (though THAT stinks, too)--
--mostly what totally stinks is that I think my buddy, Curt Connors, is OFF THE WAGON again.
KER-RASH!
Yep. BIG TIME.
HEY, DOC. LONG TIME NO DROOL.
RRAHHHRRR!!
WHOA-- YEAH--GOOD TO SEE YOU, TOO.
SLAMM!

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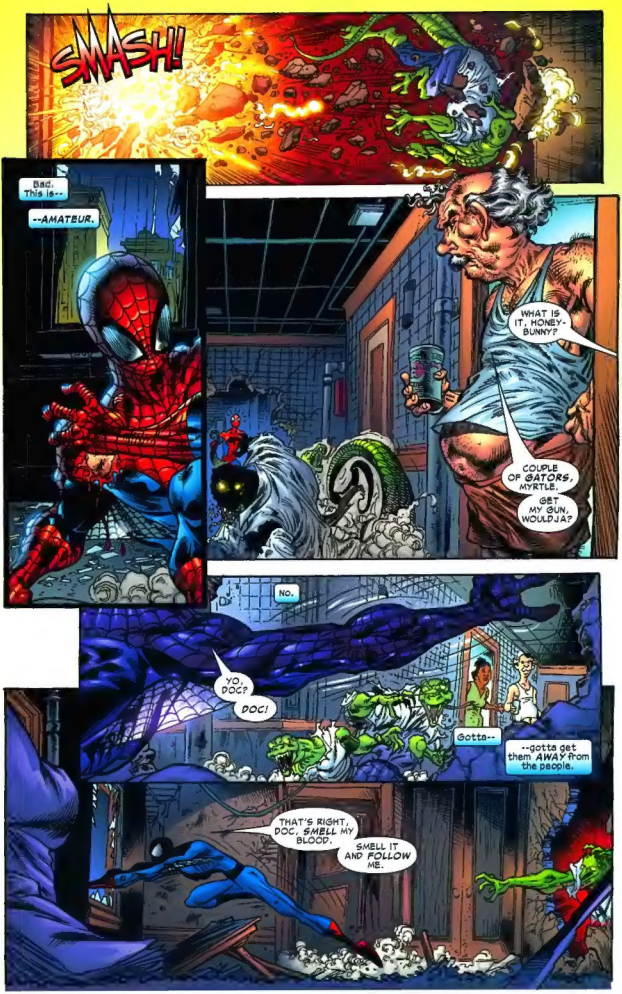
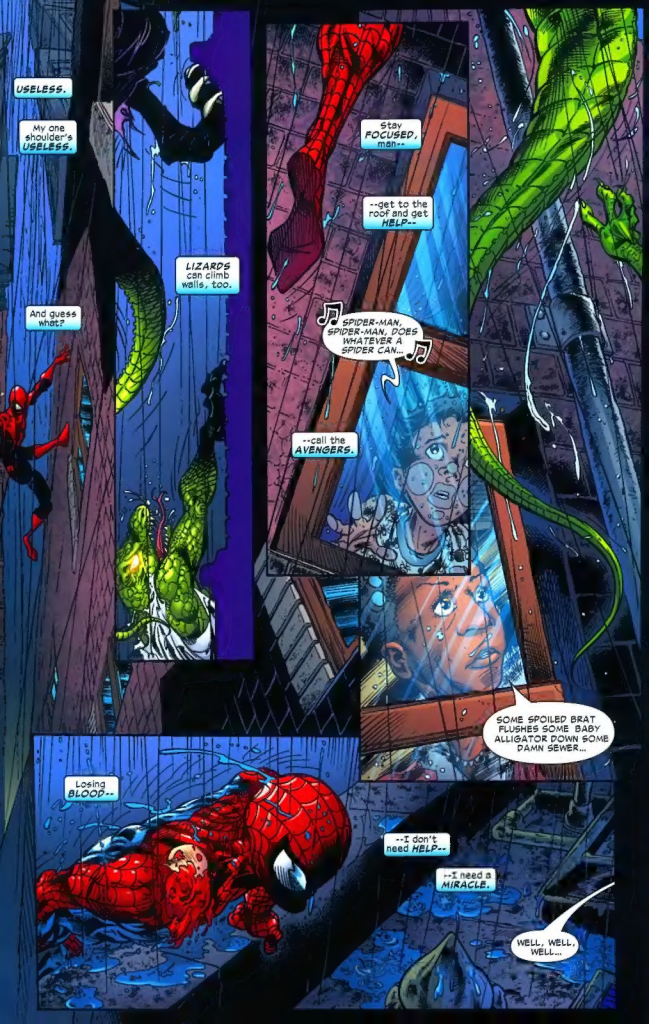
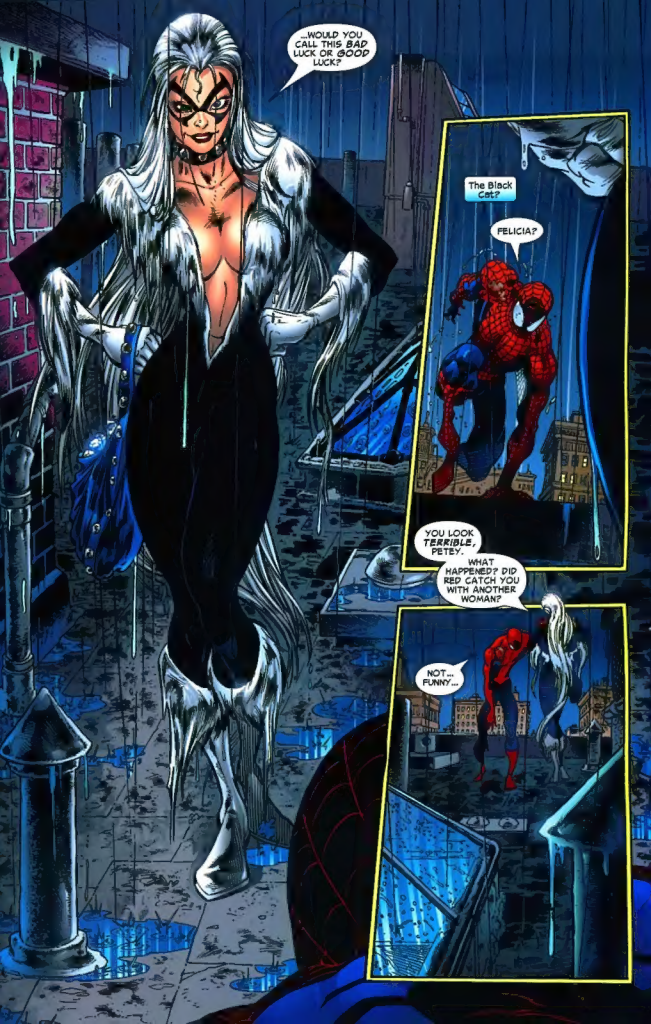
WHO ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE? LIL' LIZARD?
RRRRRRRR...
ARGGHH!!!
Stupid.
STUPID STUPID STUPID.
Off. Gotta get him--
--OFF, DOC!!!
And taking some of ME in his jaws.


SMASH!
Bad. This is--
--AMATEUR.
WHAT IS IT, HONEY-BUNNY?
COUPLE OF GATORS, MYRTLE.
GET MY GUN, WOULDJA?
NO.
YO, DOC?
DOC!
Gotta--
--gotta get them AWAY from the people.
THAT'S RIGHT, DOC, SMELL MY BLOOD.
SMELL IT AND FOLLOW ME.


USELESS.
My one shoulder's USELESS.
And guess what?
LIZARDS can climb walls, too.
Stay FOCUSED, man--
--get to the roof and get HELP--
SPIDER-MAN, SPIDER-MAN, DOES WHATEVER A SPIDER CAN...
--call the AVENGERS.
SOME SPOILED BRAT FLUSHES SOME BABY ALLIGATOR DOWN SOME DAMN SEWER...
Losing BLOOD--
--I don't need HELP--
--I need a MIRACLE.
WELL, WELL, WELL...


...WOULD YOU CALL THIS BAD LUCK OR GOOD LUCK?
The Black Cat?
FELICIA?
YOU LOOK TERRIBLE, PETEY.
...WHAT HAPPENED? DID RED CATCH YOU WITH ANOTHER WOMAN?
NOT... FUNNY...

WHAT, THEN? ANOTHER MAN?
BE...
...BEHIND ME...
RRRAARRGGHH...
OH, I SEE NOW. YOUR PROBLEM'S NOT RED--
--IT'S GREEN.
STAND ASIDE, PETER. I'VE BEEN ITCHING TO DIG MY CLAWS INTO SOMETHING WARM ALL NIGHT LONG.
WAIT, FELICIA, YOU DON'T--
RRRRRRAARRR!!
RRRRRAARRR!

CRACKK!
UHNFF!
SLAP!!
GOOD, DOCTOR CONNORS. I LIKE A NICE PIECE OF TAIL AS MUCH AS THE NEXT GIRL.
CAN I HAVE ANOTHER?
RRRR-ARRRRRRR
"HELLO? MARY JANE?"

INTERLUDE ONE
AVENGERS TOWER.
BEEP BEEP
YES?
IT'S JOHN. MJ. JOHN JAMESON.
FANCY DIGS. YOU AND PETE MUST BE DOING WELL.
UH. I GUESS SO, BUT WHAT ARE YOU...
I MEAN, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, JOHN?
WAS THAT THE BUZZER DEAR?
I FOUND A SCARF YOU DROPPED AT THE DAILY BUGLE AND I WAS HOPING...
...LOOK, IT'S RAINING. CAN I COME UP?
YOU MEAN NOW? 'CAUSE PETER'S NOT HOME AND...
...COULDN'T YOU JUST, YOU KNOW, LEAVE IT WITH THE DOORMAN?
IS THAT LITTLE JOHNNY JAMESON?
YEAH, IT IS. AND IS THIS MAY?
YES, JOHN, AND YOU MUST BE SOAKED...ENOUGH CHITCHAT. YOU COME ON UP AND I'LL FIX US ALL A HOT POT OF TEA.
THAT SOUNDS LOVELY.
I'M BUZZING YOU IN...

WHAT, WAS THAT BAD, DEAR? ARE YOU ANGRY?
YES.. NO--I DON'T KNOW...
"I DEFINITELY FEEL...WEIRD SOMEHOW. LIKE SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH JOHN."
GO ON UP THE SIXTEENTH FLOOR
S THAT...?
...YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING VODKA? ON THE JOB?
"OH DEAR."
OR MAYBE IT'S JUST ME. MAYBE I'M JUST ON EDGE 'CAUSE PETER'S NOT ANSWERING HIS PHONE AND TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT THE WHOLE CITY DECIDED TO GO BONKERS...
MR. JARVIS TOLD ME THAT THE AVENGERS ARE ALL OUT TRYING TO HELP THE POLICE
"WAIT, ALL OF THE AVENGERS ARE GONE?"
"BUT...JARVIS IS HERE, AT LEAST?"
NAUGHTY--
JUHNFF!
--NAUGHTY!
"NO, DEAR. HE WENT TO CHECK ON HIS SISTER ON LONG ISLAND."
SO WE'RE ALONE IN THIS PART OF THE BUILDING?
OH, BRILLIANT. THAT'S JUST--

INTERLUDE TWO ALONG "THE WEST" SIDE "SHIVA"

HUNGRY

HUNGRYHUNGRY HUNGRYHUNGRY...

VERMIN.

BACK IN HIS HOMETOWN

LOOKING FOR HIS NEXT MEAL.

"LAAAAAAUGGGGRRRRYYYY..."

FINDING "

NOT ALL COPS ARE GOOD

SO, CHERISH, AGAIN WAS IT YOU?

DID YOU STEAL MY STASH?

LIKE OFFICER "THOMAS RUSSELL"

WONDERING WHICH OF HIS "LADIES" CROSSED HIM.

NO, TOM, NOT ME...

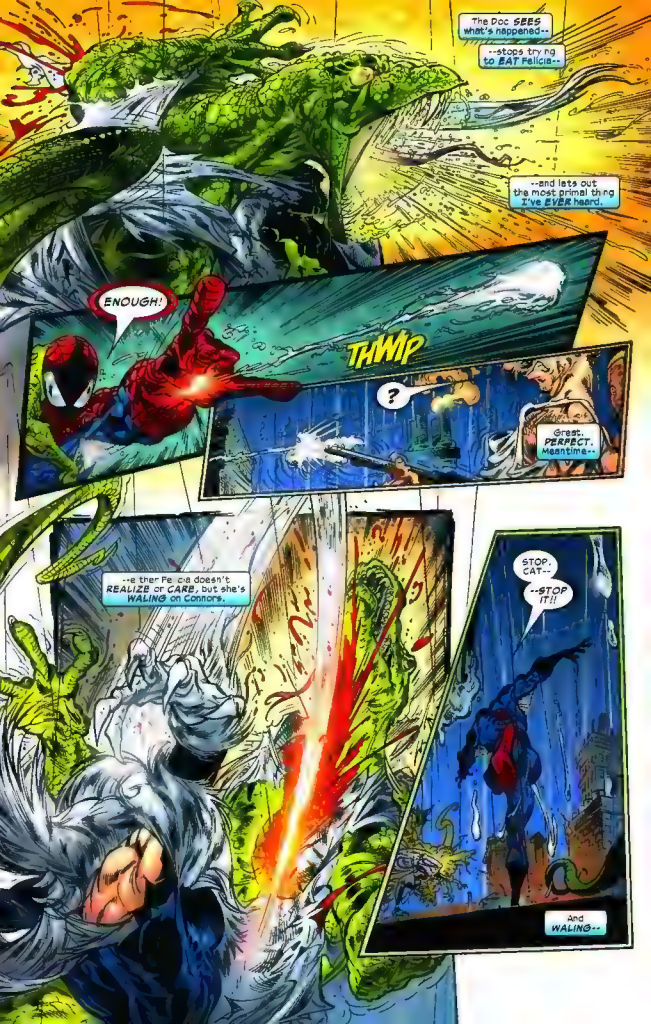
...PLEASE...

BATTERING HIS WAY THROUGH THEM, ONE BY ONE.

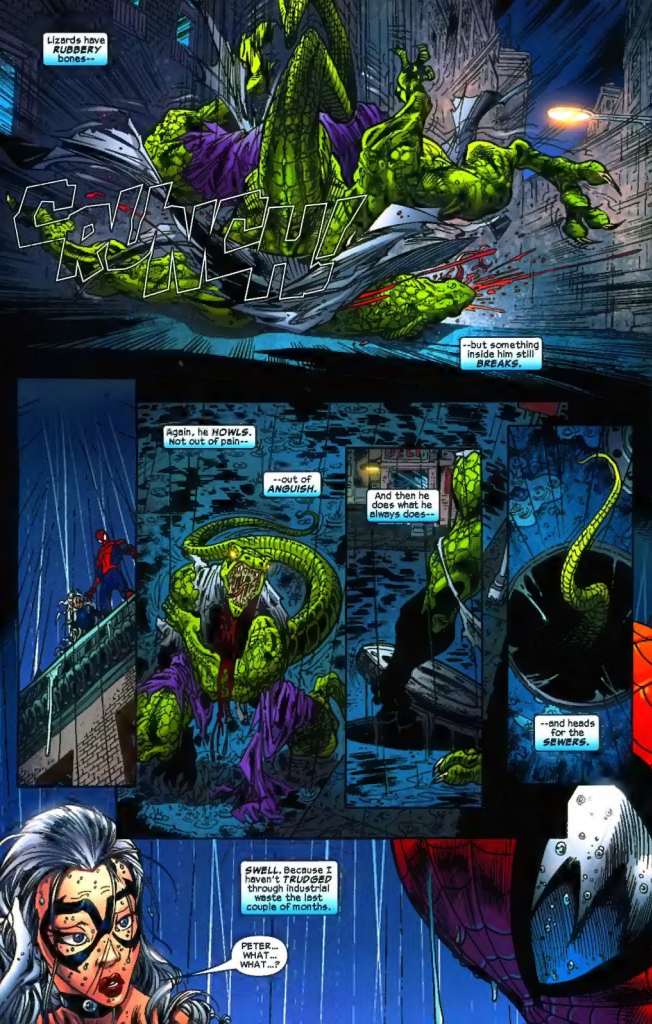
NOW WHY DON'T I BELIEVE YOU, CHERISH? DO YOU THINK, MAYBE, IT'S 'CAUSE YOU'RE A DIRTY TRAMP?
WH.. WHY TOM? WHY ARE YOU DOING...?
BECAUSE CHERISH, IF SOMEONE TAKES FROM ME...
...I'M DAMN WELL GONNA MAKE SURE I TAKE FROM THEM.
YOU REMEMBER THIS BELT, DON'T YOU?
BE.. BEHIND YOU..
HUNGRYHUNGRY HUNGRYHUNGRY---
RANDOM BIT OF TRIVIA
RIGHT, CHERISH PULL THE OTHER ONE, WHY DON'T YOU?
RATS DON'T JUST EAT CHEESE
CHOMP!
END INTERLUDE TWO.

CRAZY. This is--
--INSANE.
Felicia and the Doc are SHREDDING each other--
--and Felicia's LOVING it!
MMMEOW.
I've got to-- HAVE TO--pull it together.
Figure out what to do with Connors and the other--
RRRHHHHARRR
Oh, SWELL. Could this POSSIBLY get any--

HONEY-BUNNY?
Oh, no
WHADDYA I TELL YOU, MYRTLE?
I TOLDJA THEY'D BE ON THE ROOF.
Is that a rifle? Pointed at ME?
NO, at my GREEN PAL.
WAIT-- HANG ON--
TWIST HIM. Twist him out of the line of--
BLAM!
And the scaly, SQUIRMING thing above me goes LIMP.
And warm blood starts POOLING around us.


The Doc SEES what's happened--
--stops trying to EAT Felicia--
--and lets out the most primal thing I've EVER heard.
ENOUGH!
THWIP
?
Great. PERFECT. Meantime--
--either Felicia doesn't REALIZE or CARE, but she's WALING on Connors.
STOP, CAT--
--STOP IT!!
And WALING--

--sending Connors OFF the roof.
NO!
OUT-- OUT OF THE WAY!
I. I.
THWIP
NO!


Lizards have RUBBERY bones--
--but something inside him still BREAKS.
Again, he HOWLS. Not out of pain--
--out of ANGUISH.
And then he does what he always does--
--and heads for the SEWERS.
SWELL. Because I haven't TRUDGED through industrial waste the last couple of months.
PETER... WHAT... WHAT...?

WHAT THE HELL, FELICIA? WHAT WERE YOU THINKING? WERE YOU TRYING TO KILL HIM?
I-I DON'T KNOW, I JUST COULDN'T STOP--
OBVIOUSLY.
YOU KNOW THAT'S A MAN IN THERE, RIGHT? A FRIEND?
WHO WAS TRYING TO KILL YOU.
AND YOU'RE WELCOME, BY THE WAY.
FOR WHAT?
FOR ME SAVING YOU! WH-- WH-- WHAT...
...WHAT'S HAPPENING, PETER? WHY DO I FEEL SO ANGRY...?
Me, too. Something is--
SPIDER-MAN...
YOU BETTER...GET SOME HELP.
I'M CALLING 911...
I HAD NO IDEA--DIDN'T KNOW--HE WAS JUST A...A...
Oh, no.
Oh, God.

WHO... WHO IS THAT?
WILLIAM CONNORS.
THIRTEEN YEARS OLD.
BLEEDING TO DEATH FROM A GUNSHOT WOUND.
NEXT: HUNTER'S MOON!

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